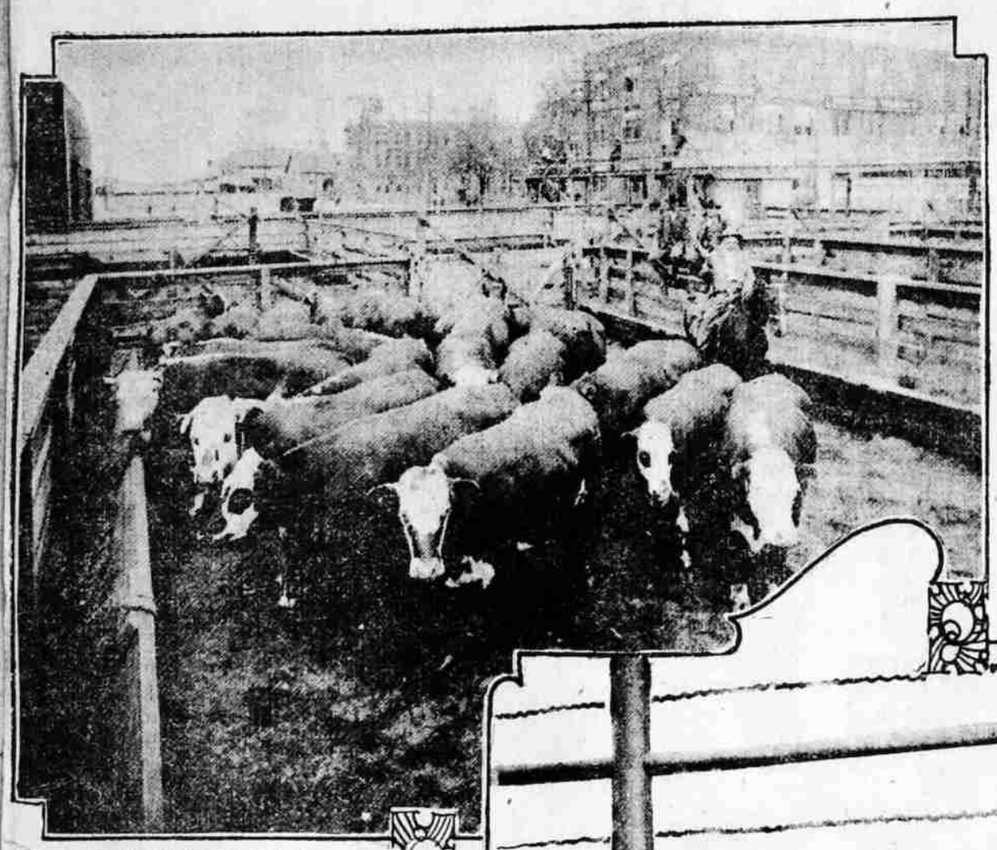
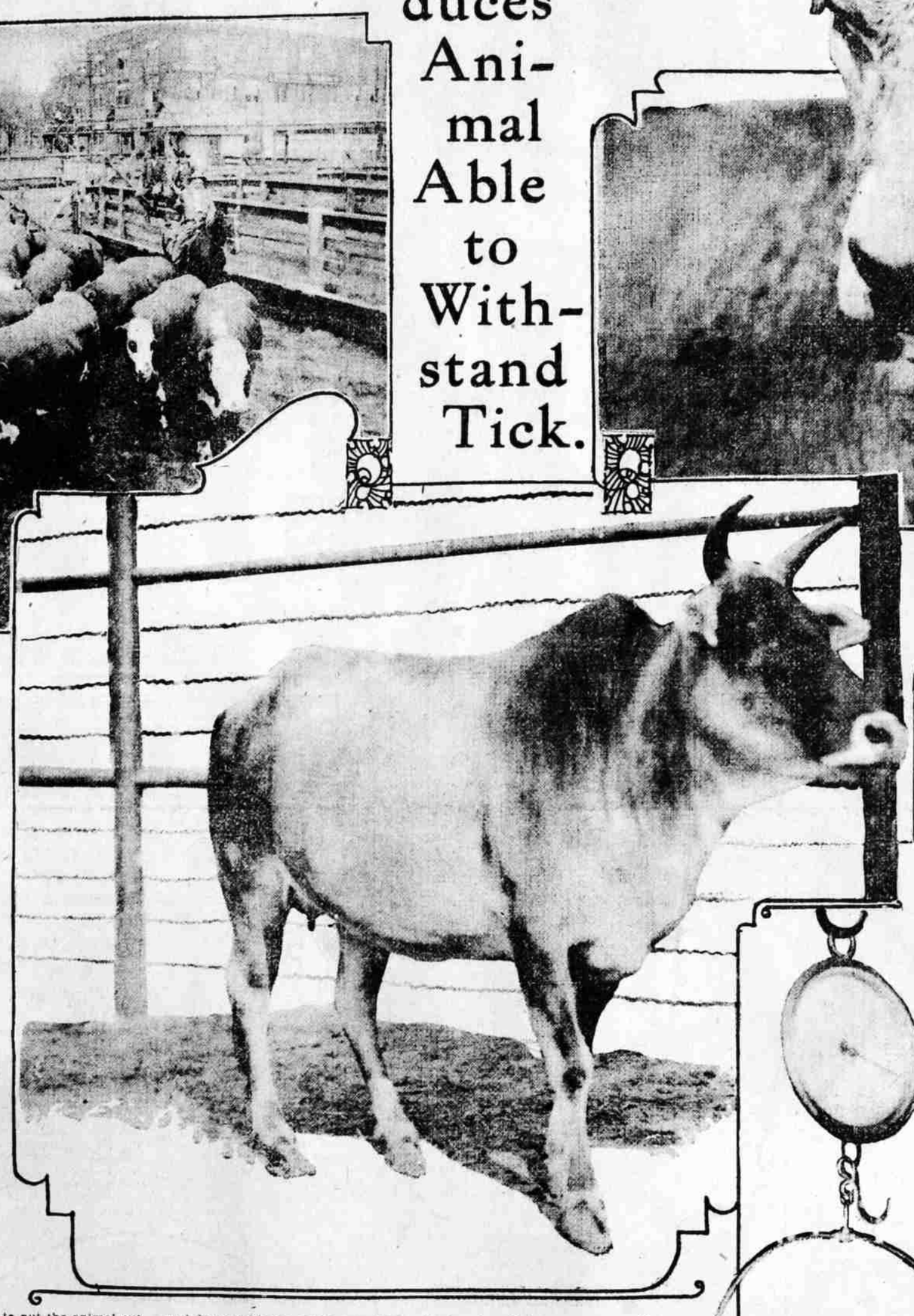
SACRED BULLS For Our Tables

High Cost of Beef Has Caused Texan to Import Zebus From India, Which Crossed With Cattle Produces Animal Able to Withstand Tick.





ABOVE—A calf and steers ready for slaughter. Center—A sacred bull. Below—A butcher noting the high price of meat.

To combat the high cost of beef in America and to get a breed of cattle in America which will withstand the Texas fever ticks, the sacred bulls of India, commonly called the zebu, being shipped into this country to be used for food.

The other day forty of these sacred bulls were sold in the stock yards at Kansas City to a packer and ere now they have been placed on the market at so much a pound.

Several times shipments of zebus to America have been made from India, and they have been eaten here with relish, although the Hindu will not touch the sacred animals. They grow in the Philippine islands and the fact that they can pass for beef cattle has caused the opening of zebu ranches in the islands.

The animals sold at Kansas City were not shipped in from India. They were one generation removed from the land where they were worshipped. Perhaps that makes them profanely American, but they have the great hump and the massive horns of the Indian animal. Their bellows of complaint were quite commonly American.

The shipment came from Big Lake, Tex., where the parent stock was shipped several years ago by the Ward Cattle and Pasture Company. It hoped to improve its stock by crossing the breed, and getting a strain that would resist the fever ticks.

In that the company has been successful. The half-breeds are not troubled with the tick.

The bulls, which are really culls of the big herd at Big Lake, are in fine shape. They weigh around 1,200 pounds, are black and dun and mouse gray in color and will dress out well on the block, it is believed. Tests made at Fort Worth show less loss in killing than with the average Texas cattle, due to a better distribution of flesh.

Next to the big hump over the shoulders, the most distinctive features of the cattle are the massive horns, like medium cornucopias. All the horns of those here have been tipped to make them less dangerous, but even at that some of them are two feet long and are four inches through at the base.

In India the natives never kill one of these animals. They beat them around, work them nearly to death, fracture a rib or two when a neighbor's bull climbs into their front yard and takes up his abode on the front porch, but kill them? Never! They may lie with a broken leg and jackals hovering about them, but a native would as soon think of cutting down his mother with an ax as to put the animal out of its misery.

When a man dies in India his neighbors have a fine way of keeping his memory vividly green. They get a young bull, have it blessed by the priests, and henceforth that bull wanders where it pleases, free from work or molestation. If it walks into a store and samples some article from the shelf, the storekeeper is naturally reminded of the dead man and the God Shiva is supposed to be pleased by reason of the bull being set aside for the dead man.

INCREASE OF POPULATION CAUSES CATTLE SCARCITY.

The increase in population is the biggest cause of the scarcity of meat. We have broken the grazing lands and turned them into farms and have made no other provision for the raising of animals. Farms are more productive than grazing lands. We can raise more cattle to the acre of farm land than we can to the acre of grazing land, yet we do not do it.

The last thirty years has witnessed the practical extinction of the range steer. He is found only in scattered grazing territories. In South America he has been crowded off the earth as the Pampas have been broken up to make room for the growers of wheat. Then, too, we eat a great deal of veal.

A recent convention of stock dealers in national session declared against the use of veal for food. They showed how calves were sold for the tables of the rich while the poor did not have enough to buy beef. A calf is so much smaller than a full grown steer that the waste is apparent. But it takes time to grow a steer and in times of drouth the farmers get rid of their surplus stock as a measure of necessity. Besides they get fancy prices for veal.

If the laws against the slaughter of veal became universal it would result in the greater production of beef for our consumption. The indications are at present that beef soon will pass off the bill of fare in the average home, unless conditions change greatly.

To bring about this change is the purpose of the men who are importing the zebu and cross breeding him with the American beef animal.

As food the zebu cannot bring a higher price than beef. It is the same and advocates of the use of the meat of the sacred bull say it is better and the meat is distributed well over the body. They argue that when we once get to growing the new kind of beef animal it will result in it being grown in Mexico and the islands of the Pacific, as well as in Texas, and a great supply will then be furnished us.

Farmers have not yet been convinced of the desirability of raising beef cattle for the market to any large extent. In the vicinity of the larger cities there are many dairy farms, but the feeding stock farms are not as numerous as they need to be to supply the demands of the meat-eaters of the cities. The farmers usually raise sufficient meat for their own consumption, but do not raise enough to supply their city cousins.

Formerly when only a small percentage of the people lived in the cities the meat problem did not amount to anything, because the small surplus of the farms and the big surplus from the open range supplied the needs. Today the population of the cities is increasing every year, and is outstripping the population of the rural districts. The back to the farm cry calls some people, but it cannot call those who left it. They are having a hard struggle for existence in the cities, but they do not relish the idea of returning to the long hours they remembered when they were boys on the farm.

The fact that the farm of today is a different thing from what it used to be does not snare many. The people don't want to go back to the farm and we are on the high road to vegetarianism in spite of the fact we have no religious scruples against eating meat.

Rigors of Early Day Travel.

In 1704 Madam Knight went from Boston to New York on horseback, and her experience with bad roads, miserable taverns or huts, where she stopped for the night, give us a dismal picture of the rudeness of the times.

On October 2, 1704, she wrote in her journal: "Began my journey from Boston to New Haven; being about two hundred miles." The food offered at the taverns was apt to be trying; in one place the "cabbage was of so deep a purple," she thought it had been "boiled in the dye kettle." She speaks of a "cannoo" so small and shallow that she kept her "eyes steady, not daring so much as to lodge my tongue a hair's breadth more on one side of my mouth than tother, nor so much as think of Lott's wife, for a wry thought would have oversett our wherey." She wrote that after leaving New London:

"wee advanced on the town of Seabrook. The Rodes all along this way are very bad. Incumbered with Rocks and mountainos passages, which were very disagreeable to my tired carcass. In going over a Bridge, under which the River Run very swift, my hors stumbled, and very narrowly escaped falling into the water, which extremely frightened me. But through God's goodness I met with no harm, and mounting again, in about half a miles Rideing came to an ordinary, was well entertained by a woman of about seventy and advantage, but of as sound Intellectuals as one of seventeen."

After crossing Saybrook Ferry, she stopped at an inn to bait, and to dine, but the broiled mutton was so highly flavored that the only dinner received was through the sense of smell. After leaving Killingsworth, she was told to ride a mile or two, and turn down a lane on the right hand. Not finding the lane, she continues: "We met a young fellow and ask't him how farr it was to the lane, which turned down to Guilford. He said we must ride a little further, and turn down by the corner of Uncle Sams Lott."

She found the people possessed of as "large a portion of mother witt, and sometimes larger than those who have been brought up in Citties" but needing "benefitt both of education and conversation." Making shrewd comments she reached Rye, and stopped at a tavern where she ordered a fricassee, but could not eat it; she was then conducted to her bedroom, by way of a very narrow stairway. She says:

"arriving at my apartment, a little Lento Chamber furnisht among other Rubbish with a high Bed and a Low one,—Little Miss went to scratch up my Kennell, which Russelled as if she'd been in the Barn among the Husks, and suppose such was the contents of the tickin—nevertheless being exceedingly weary, down I lay my poor Carkes, and fund my covering as scanty as my Bed was hard. Annon I heard another Russelling noise in the Room—called to know the matter. —Little Miss said she was making a bed for the men ;who, when they were in Bed, complained their leggs lay out by reason of its shortness. My poor bones complained bitterly, not being used to such lodgings; and so did the man who was with use: and poor I made but one Grone, which was from the time I went to bed to the time I Riss, which was about three in the morning. Setting up by the Fire till light."

Through mud, forests and all sorts of difficulties she made her journey to New York and home again in Boston, and after an absence of five months, she broke out into the following verse:

"Now I've returned to Sarah Knight's,
Thro' many toils and many frights,
Over great rocks and many stones,
God has presarv'd from fractured bones."

If?

"No disaster more horrifying could be imagined than that which would occur if New York City should have a great earthquake," opines Frank N. Wentworth. You are right, Mr. Wentworth. It would be almost as bad as if the sea suddenly should rise 1,000 feet, as if Mars should fall on Gotham, as if 10,000 armed Japanese should spring up on Broadway. And, according to scientists, just as likely, too.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

OMAHA BOY NEVER MISSED A FIRST THEATER NIGHT IN SIXTEEN YEARS

Did you ever stop to consider what a lot of chronic theater goers there are, how you always see the same faces in the same places especially at first night performances? Transients may come and go, but a large number attend the shows year after year, missing scarcely any.

There's one citizen of Omaha who hasn't missed an Orpheum bill since the vaudeville house started sixteen years ago except for a few weeks at the time his father died. This is Bert Hamill.

His fourteenth birthday came on the day the Orpheum opened and by way of celebration he took 10 cents of his birthday money and went to the vaudeville show. He sat in the first row in the gallery and had the time of his young life applauding hissing and eating peanuts.

Although he was only 14 he was already a seasoned theater goer. He can't remember when he saw his first show, but it was at the old Farnam Street Theater, which burned down in '93. He then patronized plays at the new Boyd and at the Creighton which was the original of the present Orpheum and stock productions of the Woodward company, which played there in the summer.

Mr. Hamill sat in the gallery at the Orpheum for years, going every Monday night and waging a brisk war with the other boys to get the same seat in the first row which he had from the very start.

As he grew more prosperous he worked down from the gallery to the balcony and as he grew still more prosperous he began getting two seats instead of one. He still continues this custom. He always gets the same two seats in the first row in the balcony and always takes the same girl. He has never sat downstairs in the theater and says he has no desire to.

Until a few weeks ago he saved all his Orpheum programmes, but the collection numbering something over 800 slips got to be a nuisance so he had a big bonfire and burned them.

Great as is his enjoyment of the shows, Mr. Hamill has never had even a touch of "stage strike." He declares that he has absolutely no parlor sticks and is not a bit ambitious along that line. He enjoys what the actors do from the opening selection of the orchestra to the moving pictures at the close.

Of course, there were no movies when he first started going to the Orpheum and there have been many other additions and changes in the sixteen years. All of his old pals who used to inhabit the first row of the gallery with him are scattered over the country until he has completely lost track of them.

"The gallery isn't the same as it used to be," declared Mr. Hamill. "There isn't the same crowd there used to be. And then, hissing isn't allowed any more. There are signs forbidding it. We used to hiss when we didn't like an act. It's a lot quieter there now."

He argues that a gallery god should be allowed to hiss what he doesn't like as well as applaud what he enjoys.

He says that the same people have come year after year in the balcony since he's been sitting there. Occasionally a face vanishes and a new one appears, but the changes come so slowly as to be scarcely noticeable. He knows the names of hardly any one who sits near him, but feels at home with them all. He says that there's a spirit of comradeship among those who always sit in the same places on the same night.

There have been changes in the kind of shows themselves since Mr. Hamill began his career as a chronic theater goer.

"There aren't so many acrobats as there used to be," he says. "And the work gets finer and finer all the time. The actors change too as time goes on."

A Wise Answer.

Examining Admiral (to naval candidate)—Now mention three great admirals.

Candidate—Drake, Nelson, and—I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't quite catch your name.—Punch.